

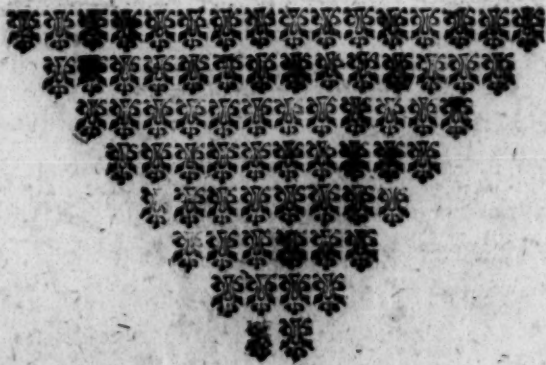
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A
T R I P
TO
S P A I N:

OR,

A True Description of the Comical HUMOURS,
Ridiculous CUSTOMS, and Foolish LAWS,
of that Lazy Improvident People the
SPANIARDS.

*In a Letter to a Person of Quality from an Officer
in the Royal Navy.*




LONDON, Printed in the Year 170⁴₅.

THE
S P A



A
T R I P
T O
S P A I N, &c.

My Lord,

TO tell you the several Accidents of my Voyage, and give you an Account of every little particular, would only tire your Lordships Patience, and signifie no more than the knowledge of what the Pope was doing last *Valentines-Day* in the Morning: But this I do to Evidence how ready I am to oblige your Lordship in every thing, especially at such a Time as this, when the Affairs of *Spain* do not look so Diverting as the Comical Humours and Ridiculous Customs of the People; which, for want of News, I send to your Lordship, hoping it may give you some Pleasure.

Spain, in the general, is a large Garden of *Butter-Flies*, or rather a Hive of *Idle Drones*, where neither Wit nor Industry is encourag'd: A *Spaniard* is a sort of *Amphibious Animal*, that is neither *Fish* nor *Flesh*, nor *Good Red-Herring*, that is, neither *Fool* nor *Knave*, but both; that has more *Pride* than *Merit*, that has more *Impudence* than a Dozen of *Watermen*, more *Conceit* than Six *Country Squires*, and as much *Courage* as a *Goose*; *Thieving* is his Province; and if he gets but a *Snuff-box*, a *Tooth-Picker*, a *Dagger* at his Postern, a *Spado* at his Side, an *Old Cloak*, and a *Trencher Crown'd-Hat*, he fancies himself as great as the *Prince of Condi*; and indeed he seems to be *Natures Merry Andrew*, made on purpose to be Sport for all the rest of the World: He parts his Hair in the middle of his Crown, and tucks it behind his Ears: He wears a great Band that covers all his Breast, a Jacket open at the Sleeves, a pair of Breeches that have need to be got on with a *Shoing-Horn*, Shoes without Heels, and Yallow Stockings that cover a wonderful pair of Legs, of the *Irish* Fashion: Pray, my Lord, be pleas'd to consider how pleasant such a Fellow would look in *St. James's Park* in a Frosty Morning; and yet these are they that have a value for themselves, beyond imagination, and are as much Bewitch'd to their own Country, as they are to their own dear Persons. They so admire *Madrid*, that when they Dye they wish to enjoy *Paradise*, and then *Madrid*, which they fancy to be the Center of all Delight. *St. Isidore* is its Patron, who was a poor Labourer: It is Scituated in the middle of *New-Castile*: It is about an Age and a half since the Kings of *Spain* chose to keep their Courts there: The Founder of this Famous City, they pretend was *Prince Ogno Bianor*, Son of *Tiberino*, King of the *Latines*, who had a Queen as Famous for *Fortune-Telling*, as *Gadbury* or *Patridge* themselves: yet this famous place has neither Wall nor Ditch to secure it: The Gates are as strong as if they were Pin'd with an Old Stocking, and the Town it self might be forced with Rotten Eggs and Snow-Balls: The Streets are full of *Sludder* all Winter, and of *Dust* in Summer, for they are not Pav'd as yours are in *London*, which makes it most filthy Living. It is a bad place for *Glaiziers*, for from the Level of the Street to the Fourth Story,

ry, there is nothing to be seen but Lattices; and even their Balconies have them, thro' which their Women often peep upon Strangers with Longing Eyes and Dishonest Wishes. But it is very dangerous for a Man to walk the Streets in the Evening: *First*, For fear of having his Throat cut for his Cloaths, and *Secondly*, There being no Necessary places in any of their Houses, they throw that out at their Windows at Night, which good Manners obliges me not to Name, and so a Man runs the Riscue of having all his Cloaths spoil'd by *Humane Essence*, which Nasty Custom makes the Streets, the next Morning, smell most *Odoriferously*.

And now, my Lord, that I may neither be tedious in my Narrative, nor do things by halves, I shall as Concisely as possible, give your Lordship a Character of these People, from the King to the Beggar distinctly. There are certain Rules, called *Orders of the Palace*, by which the King is obliged, whether he will or no, at such certain Days, to wear such and such Cloaths, to go to such a place such a Day, and to return such a Day, tho' never so contrary to his Inclinations; so that where he is, and what he does to Day, he, and every one there knows he must do the same this Day Twelve-month, and so as long as he Lives. This Order or Custom obliges the Queen to go to Bed (whether willing or not) at Ten a Clock in Summer, and at Nine in Winter, with many other Fooleries too Nauseous for your Lordships Ears; only one or two I shall give you a taste of, which are very surprizing.

If the Queen, in walking, should happen to fall, and no Ladies near her to assist her, altho' there were 500 Gentlemen by her, yet none dare presume to help her up; but she must be pleased to rise her self, or she might lye there till the Resurrection, e'er any Man dare lend her his Assistance. It is Reported of *Philip the Third*, that being Writing Letters in his Closet in a Cold Day, with a Pan of Coals too near him; which made him sweat with Faintness, but he endured it without once complaining; which being observ'd by the *Marquis de Pobar*, instead of taking it away himself, sent to the *Duke de Alva*, to acquaint him with it, who was Gentleman of his Chamber; but he replied, it was none of his business, but that it belonged to the *Duke de Useda* to do it: Upon which the *Marquis* sent to him, but he was gone a little way out of Town, which made him send again to the *Duke de Alva*, who still said it was none of his business, neither would he do it, nor dare the *Marquis* do it, for fear of Invading anothers Province; so that he was forced to send into the Country to the *Duke de Useda*, to take away the Fire from under the Kings Nose; but before he Arrived, the King was almost stifled, and that same Night fell into a Fever, which was his Death, and all this to keep to a Foolish *Punctillio*. The King by his *Orders*, is to lye in one Room, and the Queen in another; and when he has a mind to go to her, he must wear his Shoes like Slippers, with his Black Cloak upon his Shoulders, his Buckler under one of his Arms, and his Bottle of Restorative fastened to his other with a string, with a Rapier in one hand, and a Dark Lantern in the other; and thus he marches all alone, to attack the Queen in her Quarters. It is also set down in his *Orders*, that every time he receives a favour from his *Miss*, he is to give her Four Pistoles, and when he turns her off, she must be a Nun.

Every Courtier is Obliged, when he goes into the Kings Chamber, to put on Lawn Guffs, which they hire of Shops in the Guard Room, and return them when they come out again, and pay so much Money for the use of them; also when the Ladies Visit the Queen, they must put Pattins on, or else her Majesty would take it very ill. And now, perhaps, it may not be impertinent to give your Lordship a Catalogue of this Monarchs Titles, which shews him to be as vain as his Subjects. He calls himself thus, King of *Castile, Leon, Navarre, Aragon, Granada, Toledo, Vallentia, Galicia, Seville, Murica, Jerusalem, Naples, Sicily, Majorke, Minorke*, and *Serdinia*, the *East and West-Indies*, the *Isles*, and *Terra Firma* of the Ocean, Arch Duke of *Austria*, Duke of *Burgundy, Brabant, Luxemburg, Guelderland, Milan*, Count of *Hasburg, Flanders, Tyrol*, and *Barcelona*, Lord of *Biscay*, and *Molina*,

na, Marquis of the Holy Empire, Lord of *Friezeland, Salines, Utreckt, Malines, Overissel, and Gronnigen*, and Grand Seignior of *Asia and Africa*, &c. which, I think, are more Titles then the Great *Mogull* and *Prestor John* have both together.

And now, having done with what is most material, relating to the *King*, I shall take Liberty, a little, to hint to your Lordship something with Relation to the *Grandeess* and *Tituladoes*, which are the next Persons to *Princes*; and as to the *Grandeess*, there are three degrees of them. The *First*, their Grandeur is not conserv'd to their Family, but is fixed to their Persons only; and these the King bids *Be Covered*, without adding any thing thereto. *Secondly*, such whom the King qualifies with the Title of one of their Lands, as *Duke* of such a place; *Cover your self for you and for yours*. And these their Grandeur passes with their Estates to their Eldest Son, or in default of one, to the Daughter. The *Last* are Cover'd, till after they have spoken to the King; and to these, he says *They are Grandeess for Life*, or in their Race. There are others who ever speak to the King, and hear him speak Cover'd: Others, who are only Cover'd after they have spoke to him, and he has answer'd them; and others yet, who are only Cover'd when they have withdrawn from the King towards the Wall; but when they are in any Publick place together, there is no difference between them; they sit down, and are Covered before him, and when he Writes to them, he treats them as if they were *Princes*. When their Wives go to wait on the Queen, she receives them standing, and they have Cushions brought for them to sit on.

And as to the *Titulado's* they may have a Canopy, or Cloth of State in their Chamber, and a Coach in *Madrid*, with four Horses, with long Traces of Silk, called *Los Tiros Largos*: And at Bull-Feasts they have Balconies in the great Place, where their Wives are Regaled, at the Kings or Cities Charge, &c.

All the *Spaniards*, in general, are Proud beyond Expression, but these *Grandeess*, in particular: Many of them are allow'd very great Pensions from the King; but they will receive nothing on that account, and say, that a Subject is happy enough in Serving his Prince, and that to be paid for what he does, would be like a Slave. The Duke de *Arcos* pretends that the King of *Portugal* has Usurped the Crown from him; and therefore, tho' he has Forty Thousand Crowns a Year in *Portugal*, and might (before this War) have Received the Rents of it all, upon sending only one of his Sons to kiss his hand; and not only the Rents, but all the Arrears also, which would be a Prodigious Sum: But his Pride is such, that he rather chuses to lose it all; and says, *That the Glory the Duke de Bragance*, (for so he calls his *Portuguese Majesty*) *would Receive by his Homage, would be greater than the profit he should get from the Revenue*. And the Prince de *Stillano*, who has vast incomes in *Sevil*, chuses to lose it all, rather than to set his hand to the necessary dispatches; alledging *That it is below the Dignity of such a Cavallero as he is to do so mean a thing*.

And would you think (my Lord) that it is look'd upon as a piece of State to wear Spectacles? But I can assure you it is, both by Young and Old, and this they say they do to make them look Grave, and to draw Respect; they have them on when they Eat, Drink, Converse, and Ride, but whether they lye with them on or no, I will not determine; but it is a very Comical Show to see a mixt Multitude of Boys and Girls, Men and Women, Young and Old, with their Noses all Yoak'd with Spectacles of different Sizes and Colours, altho', perhaps, not one of them but sees as well as I do.

They are miserably Jealous, that the Wife is seldom suffer'd to be teen within Doors, and when she goes Abroad she is Vail'd; so that if a Man was to meet his own Wife in the Streets, he could not know her: They are so suspicious that the Brother is never permitted to go into the Sisters Chamber, unless she be Sick, and indeed there is so much Reason for it; for if a Woman is not Lewd here, it is only for want of asking, for they are Whores all in General.

When a great Man Dies, if he had never so many Servants, his Son or Heir keeps all he finds in the House, not putting any away, and if a Woman of Quality Dies, her Daughter does the same; and which Custom they keep up to the fourth Generation; so that sometimes there is 4 or 500 of these *Hangers-on* belong to one Person of Quality; not that they are kept in the house, but have Allowances, and are put into Neighbouring Houses; they come often to their Masters House, not to do any Service, but to shew they are not Dead: As to their Domestick Servants, they have for Food and Wages but two *Ryals*, (which is 12 *d. English*) per Day, so that they live only upon *Pease* and *Onions* and such poor Trash, and are as greedy as *Cormorants*, and even in carrying the Dishes to their Masters Table, they Steal it half, and heave it into their Mouths Scalding hot, which makes all their Teeth Rotten; yet, tho' the great Men keep so many Servants, they are not allowed to have above three to Accompany them: And it is only great Lords and Titulados that are allowed to have four Mules in their Coaches at *Madrid*; and only the King himself can have Six; and his Coaches, for Distinction Sake, are all cover'd with Oyl Cloath, with very bad Carv'd Work, and all over very ugly: They are drawn by Mules with Traces of two or three Ells long; and tho' there is a Coach-box, the Coachman never Rides in it, but mounts the Fore-Horse like a *Postillion*, which is really very Ridiculous; Yet, even those poor Wretches who are their Servants, their Master dare not use ill, for fear of being either Stab'd or Poison'd; for they say, that tho' they are reduced to serve, yet they have not lost their Honour, and for that Reason cannot take blows from any Body; for the meanest of them is perswaded he is a Gentleman, and descended from some *Don John*, or *Don Pedro*, that did some wonderful thing a Hundred Years ago; and nothing but an over-ruling Necessity forces them, either to go into any Service, or to any Trade: But those that do Work, make no Scruple to do it on *Sundays* as on any other. — If a *Shoe-maker* has two Prentices, he takes them both with him when he goes to try a pair of Shoes, and one of them carries one Shoe, and another the other, and away he struts with his *Sattin Suit*, *Cloak* and *Dagger*, like *Some-body*; but the prettiest Diversion of all is, when a parcel of them get into the Sun, talking of State Affairs, and setting Bounds to Princes Rights, and judging their Actions; they can determine whether the *Grand Seignior* is to be Strangled or no; how the *Camisars* may be Subdued; how the *French* were beat at *Hockstedt*; which way *Gibraltar* might have held out; and how the King of *Portugal* is to be Dethron'd: And every one being Obstinate in his Opinion, they dispute to that Degree, that it very commonly Ends in Blows, Wounds and Bruises.

Their Books are ill Printed, upon ill Paper, and ill Bound, and their Elogies and Praises are very Pulfome, and surpass Probability. Where they speak of a particular Person, whom they have a mind to Praise, they will say that his Perfections are so many, that all the Paper in the World is too little to contain them, that they deserve to be writ by the Rays of the Sun, on the Surface of the Heavens, and say such things as are enough to Surfeit any thing but a *Spaniard*.

They are so Bewitch'd to their Swords, that they wear them when they go to Confession, or to receive the Sacrament, and they give this Reason for it, *That they Wear them to Defend Religion*. In the Morning before they put them on, they kiss them and make the Sign of the Cross with them, and at all Times pay an Excessive Devotion to the Virgin *Mary*.

They so Naturally love *Intriguing*, that Lads of *Quality*, at Twelve Years of Age, have their *Mistresses*, or *Concubines*; to Maintain whom they make away with all things they meet with, who, in return, seldom fail, in a little Time, to give them the *Pox*; for here are very few Persons of what Age or *Quality* soever, but what have it; the Children either bring it into the World with them, or Suck it from their Nurfes; and even Virgins may be justly suspected

to have it; and those that have it, are not very Solicitous for a Cure, because they are sure of falling into it again. At Court, and amongst Women of *Quality*, they talk of it as of a *Feaver*, and bear it patiently without being concern'd about it; for it is a Nuptial Present that a *Spaniard* very commonly makes to his Wife.

Their way of Selling Meat is very odd and troublesome, for it is all shut up in the Butchers Shop, and one must speak to him thro' a Window, and he gives you what Meat he pleases; for if one asks for a Loin of Mutton, he, instead thereof, will, perhaps, give one a Clop of Beef, or if one wants a Breast of Veal, he will give one a Loin of Pork, and perhaps, weigh a piece of Neck-Beef with it; and if one does not like it, he heaves the Money again in a huff, and shuts his Window upon you; so that the only way is to ask for so many Pounds of Meat, and leave it to him what sort to give you: And when all is done, it is Lean, Black, Dry, and ill for the Stomach. I think there is not so much Meat in all the Markets in *Spain*, as there is in *Leaden-Hall* Market in one Day.

When a Father Dyes and leaves Portions to his Children, it is not Improved, but Locked up in Chests till they come at Age; and this, they say, is better thus to lose the Interest, than to hazard the Principal in doubtful hands: And thus do their great Men also, who have vast Sums in their Houses, yet think it below their Character to improve it by Interest; so that they live upon the Principal, and often Dye Poor, and in Debt.

It is the Custom of the great Lords never to visit their Estates, but trust all to Stewards, who turns all to his own private Interest, and makes them believe what he pleases; and to enquire into his Management of their Affairs would be below them. And a Person of *Quality* had rather dye than to haggle with a Shop-keeper, or to take the Change of a piece of Gold, altho' he has made them pay Twenty Pistoles for that which was not worth Ten.

They Naturally (Gentle and Simple) love to buy things that are dear, and have such a Pride at being thought good House Providers, that (they say) some of them will get the Legs of a Fowl, and so fasten them that they may hang down, just below his Cloak, and so to make others believe they have got a Fowl there; when, indeed, it is no such thing; and when, perhaps, the whole Family have had nothing for Dinner but a *Pickled-Herring*, an *Onion* and a piece of *Bread*; yet, such is their Vanity, that you shall see the Master of the Family stand at his Door for half an Hour together picking his Teeth, as if he had just risen from Ten Dishes of Meat.

In the Morning the first thing they do, is to drink *Water* cool'd with *Ice*, and after that (if they are able) *Chocolate*. At Noon the Master of the House sits down to Dinner at a Table, whilst his Wife and Children Eat upon the Floor, near him; for the Women never sit upon Chairs. After Dinner they Undress and lye down upon Beds, where they rest till two a Clock, during which Time, every thing looks as if all People were Dead: And it is a common Saying amongst them, *That during these two Hours, nothing walks the Streets but Dogs and Frenchmen*; for indeed at that Time in Summer it is very hot and troublesome; then they rise and go about their Business till 11 or 12 at Night: When the Husband and Wife go to Bed, and a Table-Cloth is spread all over the Bed, and each of them fastens it under their Chin, like a Bib, and so go to Supper of such as they can get; then the Mistress, having drank her Gurs full of Water, and the Gentleman moderately of Wine, they go Respectively to Sleep.

When a Man Dies he commonly gives very largely to the Church, to have Masses said for his departed Soul; sometimes he Orders 14 or 15 Thousand to be said for him; which must all be paid before any of his Creditors can get any thing; and indeed this must be done, tho' all his Debts are left unpaid, as it often happens; and this Custom gave first Birth to that common Saying, *That such a one has made His Soul his Heir.* (*viz.*) *When he has given all his Estate to the Church, &c.*

It may justly be said (my Lord) That the *Spaniards*, like the *Egyptians*, live upon *Onions* and *Garlick*, whilst we in *England* feast upon *Manna*. The People live upon *Herbs*, and the *Horses* upon *Chop'd Straw*, instead of *Oats*, of which *Spain* is very destitute, and he that goes there to buy *Night-Gowns*, *Slippers* or *Carding-Pins*, will find himself as much in an Error, as he that goes into *Romney-Marsh* to seek for *Elephants*.

There are several Families in *Spain*, that when all of the Name are Dead, and that the next of Kin is a Male, (tho' a Bastard) yet he shall Inherit; and for want of such, the Eldest Servant assumes the Arms and Name of his Master, and Inherit his Estate; and *Spanish* Women having fewer Children than others, whole Families are often Extinct, and so the Estate passes this way.

In *Spain* the Children either take the Fathers or Mothers Name, as either of the two is most Noble: Those of *Biscay* and *Navarre*, all of them esteem themselves Noble, even to the very meanest Scoundrel amongst them: And Custom has so made it, that very Foundlings are accounted so, and bear the Title of *Hidalgo*, and enjoy all the Privilege with the Nobility; but then they must prove that they were Foundlings, and bred in that Hospital where such Children are brought up.

But before I pass any further, I think it will not be amiss to give your Lordship an Account of the Entertainment at their Inns, are only to be found in their great Towns. When you enter those places it is commonly thro' the Stable, which is full of *Mules* and their Drivers, who make use of their Saddles for Pillows, and in the Day they serve them for Tables; in short, they Eat and Lye together, and are very fit for one anothers Conversation; the Machine, by which you mount your Chamber, resembles both a *Stair-Case* and a *Ladder*; the Mistress of the House receives you with her Gown tuck'd up and long Sleeves, having on her *Roast-meat Cloaths*, and so conducts you to your Chamber; where you find *Cobwebs* and *Saints Pictures*, abundance very badly done; where the *Bed* is without *Curtains*, the *Sheets* like *Napkins*, and the *Napkins* like *Childrens Bibs*; they have no *Forks*, and but one *Cup* in the House to drink out of, and the *Mule-Driver*s will keep that for their own use, if they first get hold of it, and then you have nothing to drink out of but an *Earthen Pitcher*. There are no *Chimneys* in these Inns, but (like the *Irish* Cabbins) the Smoak goes out at a Hole in the *Ceiling*, and the Fire is made in the middle of the Kitchen. They Roast upon *Tiles*, and as the Meat is well Griddl'd on one Side they turn 'tother: The Smoak is enough to Stifle one, and besides, there are in these Inns several Men and Women that stink like *Pole-Cats*, and are cover'd with Rags, playing on their *Guittars*, and sing like so many Cats a Roasting: They are very great Thieves, and will Steal something from you if it be but a Pin. The first thing the Landlady does, is to bring you her little Children, who rub their Eyes and Hands with your Cloaths and if you want to Eat any thing, it must be sent for out of Doors, for they never keep any thing in the House; and you must give your Money for it before it is bought, or you cannot have it; and Women are not allowed to stay above two Days in an Inn without giving a very good Reason for it. In these places the Beds (such as they are) are as Numerous as in an *Hospital*, tho' they are very dear, and if you go into an Inn and take up one of these to Lodge in, the Roguery of these People is such, that when you are in Bed, they will bring in their Ragged Neighbours, and their Lousy Children, who pretend to be Travellers as well as you, and must lodge in those spare Beds in your Room, unless you will pay for them all for your own use; and this is a Trick to get Money out of Strangers, who rather chuse to pay for all the Beds in the Room than to have such Nasty Chamber Fellows.

The *Spaniards* make Revenge their Study, and Custom Authorizes *Affassination* for very small matters: If one calls another *Cornuda*, (that is *Cuckold*) or *Drunkard*,

Drunkard, or has struck him with a *Glove* or *Handkerchief*, nothing but his Blood can Atone for the Offence; and which they will not do in a fair Combat, for they say that after such Affronts it would not be just for a Man to venture his Life upon equal Terms, where the Offended might fall by the Hand of the Offender, as well as the contrary; and, if they cannot meet with an Opportunity sooner, they will Revenge a Quarrel twenty Years after; and if they happen to Dye before they have been Revenged, leave their Resentments to their Children; and even the Grand Children will Revenge the Quarrel, tho' Unborn when the Affront was given; for which purpose there are Villains that make a Profession of it, which are called *Candaleros*, who keep a List of their Wicked Actions, which they shew to those that employ them, and ask whether they will have their Adversary quickly Dispatch'd, or to have a *Lingering Wound*: They are commonly hired from *Valentia*, a place whose Inhabitants are Wicked to Excess; for there is not that Crime in the World which they will not commit for Money, and Murther at the Corner of a Street, either with *Pistols* or *Stiletto's*, of which some are not thicker than a large Needle, of good Steel, Square and Sharp Edg'd, by which they are sure to Wound Mortally, because going deep and being so small, no Blood comes out, nor is the Wound hardly to be perceived, and so it is impossible to Dress it; and tho' these Weapons are forbid to be carried, yet these Ruffians wear them: I have heard that a great Man in Spain, having hired one of these Rogues to Murther a Man that had Affronted him, but seeing Reason afterwards to change his Mind, gave him Notice to let it alone; upon which the *Bandalero* offer'd to return the Money again, but the Gentleman beg'd him to keep it. Well, (says he) *I am a Man of Honour, I shall keep your Money, and I will kill your Man*; the other intreated him not to do it because they were Friends. Look'ye, (says the Ruffian to him) *all that I can do is to give you your Choice, whether it shall be you or him, for, to gain your Money Honestly, I am under a Necessity to kill one of you*. And notwithstanding all the other could say or do, he put his Wicked Design in Execution and kill'd the Man, for the Gentleman dare not seize him for fear of having his Death Reveng'd by some of his Fellow Rogues. When they have done a Murther, if they fear to be Seiz'd, they fly to the next Church, where they are Protected, and the King himself cannot fetch them out. The last time I was at *Malaga* I saw a very large Gallows, on which some such Rogue had been lately Hang'd; but it was such a Rarity, that, as I was told, the late King of Spain sent the Governour his Thanks for doing it. But, I Pray, my Lord, is it not very strange that even these Murthering Villains should be scrupulously Religious at the same time they are going to Stab their Adversaries; for that they may not fail in their Hellish Design? It is their Custom to perform their *Nine Days Task of Devotion* for the Souls in Purgatory, and recommend themselves to the Relicks they carry about them, by which they hope to Prosper.

Big-Bellied Women here have very great Priviledges, and do even just what they list, for no Body pretends to Contradict them: They may pull off one's Glove, tug one about, and feel all about one, without being call'd to an Account for it; or if they even long to See or Talk with the King, they are permitted to do it; and indeed they commit a great many Extravagancies under the Notion of *Longing*, and, sometimes, to very ill Purposes too. For sometimes the *Spanish Gallants*, by disguising themselves like Big-Bellied Women, pretend to Long to Discourse in private, with whom they Love, and so are admitted into Houses, which otherwise they dare hardly peep into.

In *Madrid* it is only giving Money to an *Alcade* or *Alguazile*, and you may have the most Innocent Person in the World Arrested and Seized, and thrown into a Nasty Prison, and there to perish with Hunger, and all this without any Decree, Order, or coming to a Tryal; and if he is let out of Prison he must not so much as think of doing himself Justice against this Barbarous

Officer; for these People are much favoured every where, but more here than any where; for here Just Judges are as scarce as Black Swans. They do not Judge Criminals above twice a Year, and it is with very great difficulty that they cause any such to Dye; for they say he is a Man, like them, their Country-man, and the Kings Subject, &c. and indeed they are all of a Knot, all Rogues alike, and Thieves and Murtherers from their Cradles.

Every time a *Kept Miss* is let Blood, her *Spark* is Obliged to present her with a New Suit of Cloathes, which is very Expensive; many of them wearing ten or twelve Pettycoats at a time; but if *Miss* be in haste, her *Gallant* often sends his Wives best Suit to her. But when any of the *Ladies* of the *Palace* are let Blood, the *Surgeon* takes an Extraordinary care of the Fillet or Handkerchief upon which the Blood of the Fair Lady has fallen, to make a present of it to the *Cavallero* that Loves her: To purchase which, they are often so Extravagant as to give the *Surgeon* all their Plate, and this (sometimes) to the Value of three or four thousand Crowns: And so Bewitcht are they to this Custom, that they had rather live upon *Herbs* all the Year after, than to omit this piece of Extravagancy. On certain Solemn Days, these Love Sick *Lubbers*, to the Number of two, have leave from their Ladies, and from the Queen also, at their Request, to Accompany them in the Royal Presents with their Hats on, altho' they are not *Grandeers*. They are called *Embevicanos*, viz. *Drunk with Love*; and are permitted to be Cover'd, for the same Reason that *Mad-Men* are, who are supposed to have lost their Senses so far as to forget all the Laws of Decency.

To be one of these exact *Cavallero's*, a Man must be thus Dressed, the Hair parted on the Crown of the Head, and tyed back with a blew Ribbon three or four Fingers broad, and two Yards long, hanging down behind; Breeches of Black-Velvet, Button'd down at the Knees with five or six Buttons; a short Vest that scarcely reaches to his Pockets; a Scollopt Doublet with Hanging Sleeves, of White Embroider'd Sattin, three or four Fingers broad; a Black Bays Cloak wrapt about his Arm, with a long Sword in one hand, and a Buckler in the other, having a long Spike standing up in the middle; a Dagger at his Bum; a stiff Collar about his Neck; a pair of Fine Shoes that seem as if they were glew'd on to his Feet; and, to Crown all, a Trencher Crown'd-Hat of a very large size; all which together looks Rediculous enough; yet such is the *Spanish* Custom, that tho' a Man be Married, he is allow'd to declare himself the *Gallant* of a *Lady* of the *Palace*, and, for her sake, to Commit all the Follies in the World without Controul, and spend their whole substance without being blam'd for it: If they have no Opportunity to meet and talk together, yet such is their Cunning, that if they can but from a Window see one another, they can talk by their Fingers, and understand one another to a wonder, and by this means carry on their Intrigues as well as if they talked Privately together.

When they are in deep Mourning they are Attir'd like Fools in a Play, for both Footmen and Masters have long Mourning Cloaks of Bays Trailing upon the Ground; and in the room of their Hats, they wear upon their Heads high Pastboard-Caps cover'd with Crape; their Horses are cover'd over with Black Crape head and all; and the Mourning which covers the Coach hangs almost down to the Boot, which is a sight very ugly, and at once moves both Mirth and Sadness. They tear their Mourning on purpose, because that which is most Tatter'd, is (with them) most Gentiel; for which reason their Wainscote Skins are often seen thro' their Cloaths, in a true Sense like Heathen Philosophers, &c.

Their Widdows of Quality wear a Gown and Petticoat of Black Serge, and over them a Linnen Surplice, which reaches lower then the Knees, with strait long Sleeves hanging over their hands; on their head a piece of Muslin, which covers the Face and Neck, and reaches down very low, and hides all their hair; over this a great Mantle of Black Taffety, and over all a mighty large Hat

Hat, tyed under the Chin with strings; but this Hat is only wore when they Travel.

The first Year of their Widdowhood they pass in a Chamber hung with Black, which does not let in the least Glimmering of Day, and sit Cross Leg'd on a small Quilt. The *Second* Year they go into a Room hung with Gray, where they must be no Pictures, Plate, Good Furniture, nor Pleasant things: But several Ladies have more Wit, and Marry as soon as they can to avoid this Horrid Confinement.

The *Spaniards* Naturally love fine Linnen, and had rather have but one fine Shirt, and lye a Bed till it is Wash'd, or else to go without, as they commonly do, than to have six Course ones; yet they are all such ill Laundresses, that they lay it, when they Wash it, upon rough Stones, and Beat it with Sticks, which presently fills it full of Holes. It is reckoned a Beauty among them to have no Breasts; wherefore very early they swaddle pieces of Lead about them, to hinder their Growth, which makes them as flat as a Trencher. They are continually Picking their Teeth, and do it with much Gravity; but they know not what it is to have them Clean'd, so that they quickly grow Rotten and Ugly. When they Salute one another they do not Kiss, for fear, I suppose, of Rubbing the Paint off one another's Faces, and only shake Hands with their Gloves, and in Discourse say *Thou* and *Thee*, as the Quakers in *England* do.

At Mass they wear Muffs of half an Ell long; and, be it Summer or Winter, they never cease Fanning themselves all the time of Mass, where they sit Cross Leg'd, and take Snuff continually.

In Passion-Week none of the Women fail going to Mass, especially from *Wednesday* to *Friday*, where they are sure to meet their Gallants, and slip out of the Crowd, and retire together to some convenient place, where *Miss* Cuckolds her *Husband*, and then returns to the Church again, without being perceiv'd, as Devoutly as the best of the Parish.

Their Dead they Dress up in the Habit of some Religious Order, and carry them Bare-Faced into the Church where they are to be Buried; if it be a Woman they put on the Habit of the *Carmelites*, which Order is in a great Esteem among them. When the King Dies neither his Queen nor Mistresses are allowed to Marry again, but must retire into some Religious House; the King, as well as his Subjects, seeming even to Dread *Cuckoldom* in their Graves.

They have very few good Preachers, yet you will meet with many of them in the Streets, especially in *Lent*, holding forth to the Mob, who will seem to be much concern'd, and to beat their Breasts, when the Devil is in their Hearts, and they are contriving either to Murther or Steal. These Preachers are mostly followed by Vagrants and Blind Beggars, who go about Singing Old Stories, and Godly Ballads, and are very fit Hearers for such Preachers.

It is not the Custom in *Spain* to Buy Places, but if a Man does not give very large Presents, he shall be sure to go without them. Their Theaters, or Play-Houses are very ugly, in which they Act by Day-light, to save the Charge of Candles; and in any part, where the Devil is represented, he is Cloathed just as the rest are, only they plant a Pair of Horns upon his Head, and allow him a Pair of Flame-Colour'd Stockings, to shew what Region he belongs to. And if any Saint is brought upon the Stage, saying his *Confiteor*, and Salute themselves with very rude Thumps on the Breasts, as if they were at Mass. They have very sorry Machines, and they make their Gods come down upon the Stages *Astride upon a Beam*; and they introduce Sunshine by the help of a Dozen of Oil'd Paper Lanthorns with Lamps within them. When the Demons are to Ascend (for conveniency's sake) they come up by Ladders, and the Play often receives his Fate from the misguidance of some Ignorant Blockhead, that instead of Hissing, Whistles it down, and Ruins the Poor Poet at once.

On *Corpus Christi's* Day they Act a sort of Tragedies, on Religious Subjects, at which

which the King and all the Court is present where Flamboys are Lighted, whilst the Sun Shines in upon the Audience; and this is the Common Subject of that Days Droll. The Knights of St. James's are Assembled, and one Personating our Saviour, enters upon the Stage, and desires to be Received into their Order: Some are willing, but others Reject him, as being the Son of a Poor Carpenter, and his Mother a Mean Virgin, that Worked at her Needle; and after our Lord had, with a great Impatience, expected their Result, at last they determine (something unwillingly) to refuse him; but, at the same time agree to Instruct, on purpose, for him the Order *de Christo*, which satisfies every Body; and this is the Order that is now in *Portugal*: But to see how Foolishly they manage every thing would make one Sick of Plays as long as he Lives.

At their Play, or Gaming, they are always mute, and never utter a Word, nor are transported either with good or bad Luck, nor so much as desire to Cut higher or lower, or to take any other Advantage: If they win, it is the Custom to give the *Barato*, (*viz.*) They give Money to those that are present, to some less, and to others more, and this whether they know them or no. He, to whom the *Barato* is presented, must not refuse it, tho' he is never so Rich or Great; nay, even a stander by may demand it of a Winning Gamester, and he will not deny it: Some People there have no other way to subsist but by these *Barato's*, by which means, tho' a Man may Win much, he can carry but little away, and often loses All and looks like a Fool; but they never Complain whatever they Lose at Play.

At the Corner of every Street, and, indeed, in almost every Stable, there's a Statute of our Blessed Virgin, with a pair of Beads in her hand, Dressed after the Country Fashion, with a Wax-Candle or Lamp burning before her; for these People are most Abominably Superstitious, or rather Abominably Religious.

It is reported that Kings Revenues are at least Thirty Five Millions of Crowns *per Annum*; yet the Roguery of his Officers is such, that not one fourth of it comes into his Coffers. And at *Cadiz* there are followers which are called *Metadores*, which Publickly profess to Cheat the King of his Plate; which, for Money, they put on Board the Ships of all Nations, and will sooner lose their Lives than part with it, for they Live wholly by it; so that the *Spaniards* take pains to bring the Plate from the *Indies* only for Strangers to carry away, and Beggar themselves.

When a Religious Person happens to be the Only Son of a Rich Father, they beg him to leave his Estate to the Convent where his Son is, upon Condition that he shall Manage and Enjoy it as long as he Lives, and after his Death the Monks are to have it, to say Masses for the Souls of both Father and Son; which gives the Son Liberty to Live very disorderly whilst he is Alive, but brings great Revenues to the Convent, after he is gone into *Purgatory*, with the Sins of his Youth fast hanging to his Soul; so that by this and other such Methods, the best Lands in *Spain* belong to the Church, and the Church Vermin bear Rule in every place there.

When an Eldest Daughter has a fancy to be Married, and likes any particular Man, tho' her Father and Mother are both against the Match, it is all one; for it is but her going to the Curate of the Parish, and acquaint him with the Story, and the Business is done; for he directly takes her from her Parents, and either puts her into some Convent, or to some Pious Lady, where she remains for a little time; and then, if she persists in her first Resolution, her Father is forced to let her have the Man she Loves, and to give her a Portion Suitable to her Quality, and his Ability also; by which, if he be but a Gentleman, he may Marry the Daughter of a Grandee of *Spain* if she be willing, and her Father cannot help himself; but this is one great Reason why their Daughters are so Closely Mewed up, and not suffer'd to Intrigue.

I shall now proceed to give your Lordship some Account of that terrible thing the Inquisition, which makes such a Noise in the World, and few understand what it is. It had its rise in the beginning of the Thirteenth Century: It is Composed of an Inquisitor General, a Procurator, two Secretaries of the Kings Chamber, a Secretary of the Council, an Alguazil Mayor, a Receiver, two Reporters, two Qualificators and Consulter, besides which, there is in Spain near two and twenty thousand Familiars that belong to it; and many shelter themselves here from the Ordinary Courts of Justice, because, when they once belong to the Inquisition, they are not so Subject to be Tried by any other Jurisdiction. All that are Officers in the Inquisition, are obliged to make out their Proofs, *De Causa limpia*, (*viz.*) That their Family is not stained with any thing of *Judaism* nor *Herese*, but that they are all *Catholicks*, *Ab Origine*. This Tribunal takes Cognizance of every thing concerning the Faith, and is invested both with the Kings and the Popes Authority, and from its Judgment there is no Appeal; and it is thought that the King himself has not Power to release those who shall be accused before it, because this Tribunal acknowledges the Pope only to be above it, and that there has been a Time, when, upon some occasions, the Kings Power was found too weak to contend with that of the Inquisition.

It is very Terrible to consider the Proceedings of this Court; where a Man shall be Arrested and lye in Prison, without knowing the Crime he is Accused of, or the Witnesses which Inform against him; and cannot come out unless he will own the Fault he is Accused of, whether he is Guilty or no; there's no Confronting of Witnesses, nor any way for a Man to Defend himself; because the Inquisition (above all things) affects an *Inviolable Secrecy*. Here, my Lord, a Man shall be Seiz'd on, and thrown into a Dungeon, where he shall lie two or three Months, without a Word being said to him. When he shall be led out before the Judges, who, with Terrible Looks, will ask him *Why he is there?* Who Answers (as well he may) *He knows not*. They say no more to him, but send him back again to the Dungeon, where he suffers things worse than Death it self; where he remains sometimes a Year, then he is brought again before the same or other Judges, who Demand of him, again, *Why he is Detain'd?* And he Answers as before; and then, without any more Words, he is Remanded back to Prison, where he lyes as long as he Lives, and can have no Redress. The Severity of this Court was such, that the first Inquisitor General *Torquemada*, in the first beginning of the Inquisition, Tryed above an Hundred Thousand Persons, of which Six Thousand were Condemn'd to be Burnt, in Fourteen Years time.

And now, my Lord, I think if I inform your Lordship something with relation to their *Disciplinarians* it will not be amiss, which are performed by two sorts of Penitents, *viz.* False and True ones: The False ones do it out of *Knight-Errantry*, to please their Mistresses; to Teach which there are Schools and Masters; as there are in London to Teach to Dance and Fence; and these have a Gown on, made of *Baptist Cloth*, very fine, and comes down to their Shoes, it is laid in Pleats, and so very wide, that it contains 50 Ells of Cloth; they have on their Heads a Cap like a Sugar-Loaf, but three times higher, which is cover'd with Holland, from which falls a great piece of Cloath, which hides all the Face and the Fore part of the Body; on the Back of their Wastecoats they have two great Holes upon their Shoulders; they wear White Gloves and Shoes, and abundance of Ribbons, one of which they tie to their Whip, and commonly it is their Mistress which Honours them with this Favour. Thus they March thro' the Streets very slowly, giving themselves most Grievous Slashes and Cuts on their Shoulders, from whence runs Streams of Blood; and in this Pickle Present themselves before their Mistresses Window, who, thro' her Lettice, sees the *Fine Sight*; and by some Sign Encourages her Young Coxcomb to Flea himself Alive, and lets him know how

very kindly she takes this Action at his Hands. When these False Penitents meet a Handsome Woman, they endeavour to Whip themselves so, as to make the Blood fly upon her; for which the Lady Thanks him, and esteems it as a *Particular Favour*. When he has gone his Rounds he returns Home, has his Wounds Washed with Vinegar and Salt, and then goes to Supper with his Friends, who Load him with their Praises, and help him to spend the Night in Revelling.

But as to the True or Religious Penitents, they are Naked down to the Waste; and with a kind of a Narrow Mat are swaddled so hard, that all the Flesh which appears is Black and Blew, and they carry Six or Seven Swords sticking in their Backs and Arms, which are Grievous Painful, and so they March Bare-Foot thro' the Streets. There are others who carry Crosses so very Heavy, that their Weight is even insupportable; this commonly is performed in *Passion-Week*, and is enjoyed them by their Confessors, and are so Severe, that those who undergo them seldom out-live the Year; and this out of a Fit of Superstitious Devotion, in hopes to Merit Heaven in a way of their own Devising; and, if so, it is no Wonder if they come short in their Expectations at last.

I think they are the only *Fools* in the World, who Love to Encounter with Bulls, I shall therefore give your Lordship some Account of their *Ball-Feasts*, and way of *Taurizing* or *Fighting* with Bulls, and this they do for the same reason as they Whip themselves, *viz.* for the sake of some Lady, with whom they are in Love. Know then, my Lord, that there are in *Spain* *Decoy Cows* (as in *England* there is *Decoy Ducks*) which are led into the Mountains and Forests of *Andaluzia*; that run into the Woods amongst the Wild Bulls; who, mistrusting no Harm, immediately fall to their Courtship: And the other (used to betray) seem to fly their Embraces, and they as closely pursue untill they are decoy'd into certain Pallisadoes, set on purpose along the way, from whence they follow the Cows very quietly into the place design'd for Baiting them, where there are great Stables contriv'd on purpose, with Shutters to keep them in, where they sometimes catch 50 at a Time, after they are rested a few Hours, they are let out of the Stable into the great place, where the Lusty Country Fellows venture to take them by the Horns and Tails, Brand them with hot Irons, and slit their Ears, which commonly costs some of them their Lives, and this is the beginning of the Show. The *Spaniards* can distinguish which Bulls are the Sons or Brothers of those which made a great Slaughter in former Feasts, and can even recite the History of their Pedigree. When they have rested, the *Placa Major* is cover'd with Sand, and Bar'd round as high as a Man; and facing the Front are places provided for the King, and the great Men and their Wives, whom he feasts to the value of 100000 Crowns, which is defray'd out of the Fines adjudged to the King, and which must not be meddled with upon any other Account, *Tho' it was to save the Kingdom*; so Bewitch'd are they to their Customs and Pleasures.

And now I must tell your Lordship that there are certain Laws by which a Man must be Qualifi'd to Fight the Bull. (1.) He must be a Gentleman Born, because of Fighting on Horse-Back. (2.) It is not allowed to draw the Sword upon the Bull unless he has insulted over you, that is, if he has forced the Launce out of your Hand, or wounded you or your Horse, or any of your Company; in this Case the Knight must run directly upon the Bull, and be reveng'd or Dye; and if the Horse refuses to run upon the Bull, the Knight must alight and engage him on Foot; and in such a Case all the others which are there to Fight, must alight also and accompany the other, tho' not engage the Bull; and if he runs away they have satisfied the Laws of Dueling; commonly six Knights are appointed for this Sport, every one of which has a dozen of Led Horses, besides that which he Rides on, and when the Knights are all in the Ring, he that the Bull first runs at, first Engages him. When the King is minded they should begin, the Trum-
pets

pets found, and the Bag-pipes play, and the *Alguasils* are order'd to open the Doors, where the Bulls are kept, and immediately they shall come forth and have their Hides (in a trice) fill'd full of Darts, which makes them stark Mad, and that Moment engages the Knight who avoids him, and do wound him, as well as he can, or he is certainly a Dead Man. When any Knight is wounded, the rest accompany him to the Bars, and return to renew the Fight; but the more Men there are kill'd or wounded, the more Noble they look upon the Baiting to be; and except Ten Men are Murder'd upon the Spot, it is look'd upon as nothing. When a Bull is kill'd four *Alguasils* go out and bring in four Mules with Silk Traces, Silver Bells and Feathers, to draw him out, upon which the Trumpets sound, and the People shout as if some great Victory had been gain'd; tho' in *England* it would be look'd on as Ridiculous a Custom as *Bear-Baiting* it self, and is indeed a very Foolish, as well as Wicked thing. I told your Lordship before, That when the King Dies his Wife and Mistress must go into Nunneries, or at least not Marry. There is also a Custom that when the King has once been upon a Horse, no Man for ever after must Ride on him; so that one may say, no Man must dare to Marry the Kings Wife, Lye with his Mistress, nor Ride his Horse, after he has once done it before.

In *Spain*, no Nation has less of Religion, and yet none makes more pretences to it; for they are continually saying their Prayers, and telling their Beads in the Street, in Discourse, in making Love, at Cards, and indeed whatever they are doing they are at their Devotion; but what sort of Devotion this must be, I leave your Lordship to Judge: But it is a Custom of an old standing, and these People live upon Custom more than any others: And it is the Custom there to Sell almost all things by the Pound, even so much as Wood and Charcoal. They are Lean Meagre Fellows, that boast much without Courage, and are Proud of their Follies, and even the Beggars will ask an Alms in a Domineering way, and if one refuses them, it must be Civilly by saying *Cavellero perdone, usted no tanga moneda.* (viz.) *Pardon me Cavellero, I have no Money.* But if you give 'em a harsh denial, they'll argue with you, and undertake to prove to you that you do not deserve that Estate you possess, and will never let you alone; but if one speaks Civilly to them they will seem Content, and will desist from further Importunity.

Thus, my Lord, I have given your Lordship a short, but very true Character of the *Spaniards*, who want new Modelling, and better Government: I hope in a little Time their Eyes will be opened to see their own Interests, and shake off their *French* Chains, and with open Arms Embrace their Lawful Sovereign King *Charles* of *Austria*. I humbly beg your Lordships Pardon for this Trouble. And am

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Obedient

Humble Servant.

F I N I S,

...and the bag pipe play, and the ...
...the ... the ...
...and have these Hides (in a nice) ...
...and that ...
...wound him, as well as he can, or he is certainly a ...
...Knight is wounded, the ...
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...upon the spot, it is look'd upon as nothing. When a ...
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...be look'd on as ...
...a very foolish, as well as ...
...when the King ...
...Mistress ...
...no man for ever ...
...date to ...
...he has once done to ...

...in ... no ...
...to it; for they are ...
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...things by the ...
...Hollow, that ...
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...them, it must be ...
...Pardon me ...
...argue with you, and undertake to prove to you ...
...Esteem you ...
...they will ...
...I have ...
...rather of the ...
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...that of their ...
...high ...
...Favour. And ...



Yours, Lord, for most Obedient
Humble Servant

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